Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhall have old ſwearing
That they did give the Rings away to men ;
But weel out-face them, and out-ſweare them to :
Away, make haſte, thou knoweſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.
Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica. (*Exeunt.*
Lor. The Moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſſe the trees,
And they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſed* lay that night.
Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde ſea bankes, and waſt her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.
Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon*.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.
Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Ieſſi. I would out-night you did no body come :
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night ?

Meſſen. A

Meſſen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what fri
Meſſ. Stephano is my na
My Miſtreſſe will before th
Be here at *Belmont*; ſhe dot
By holy croſſes, where ſhe
For happy wedlock houres
Loren. Who comes w
Meſſ. None but a holy
I pray you is my Maſter ye
Loren. He is not, nor w
But go we in I pray thee
And ceremoniouſly let us
Some welcome for the Mi
Clown. Sola, ſola, wo ha
Loren. Who calls ?
Clown. Sola, did you ſee
Loren. Leave hollowing
Clown. Sola, where, wh
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there'
horne full of good newes,
ſweet ſoule.
Loren. Let's in, and ther
And yet no matter : why
My friend *Stephen*, ſignifie
Within the houſe, your M
And bring your muſique
How ſweet the moon-lig
Here will we ſit, and let t
Creepe in our eares ſoft ſt
Become the tutches of ſw
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the
Is thick inlayed with pat
There's not the ſmalleſt o
But in his motion like an
Still quiring to the young
Such harmony is in imm

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